

ARTICLE APPEARED  
ON PAGE C7

THE WASHINGTON POST  
27 September 1981

*Jack Anderson*

## Terpil and Idi Amin

To judge by his early press clippings, renegade CIA agent Frank Terpil was a swashbuckling desperado in the romantic tradition of James Bond.

After Terpil left the CIA, he became a free-lance terrorist and sycophant of dictators. Police investigators in London, Europe and Kenya have been gathering evidence, for example, that points to Terpil's responsibility for the assassination of a respected Kenyan official in May 1978.

The victim was Bruce McKenzie, the only white to serve in the cabinet of Kenyan President Jomo Kenyatta, agriculture minister from 1963 to 1970. After an official visit to neighboring Uganda, McKenzie was killed as he was taking off from Entebbe airport.

The plane in which he was flying suddenly exploded. Investigators determined that a bomb, hidden in a lion's head trophy in the cargo compartment, had been detonated by a sophisticated electronic device.

At the time, Uganda was under the murderous rule of Idi Amin, and Terpil worked for him. The dictator had particular reason to hate McKenzie, the one-time British intelligence officer, had provided crucial information to the Israelis for their July 1976 raid on Entebbe. The raid, which freed 103 hostages from Palestinian terrorists, was an acute embarrassment to Amin.

Sophisticated explosive devices are one of Terpil's deadly specialties—the kind of expertise he is now providing to Libyan dictator Muammar Qaddafi.

What really nails shut the coffin on Terpil's glamorous image, though, is his own boastful confessions, secretly taped by U.S. undercover agents he met four times in New York during November and December of 1979.

On those tapes, Terpil laughed as he described instances of torture and murder by the bloodthirsty Amin. Terpil recognized that Amin was unbalanced, but the ex-CIA man seemed amused by this. Amin was "paranoid about bein' waked off by stuff being added to the food," Terpil told the undercover agents.

Terpil complained about the subordinates he had to deal with in Uganda. "These jerks I had down there, they put it in the soup," Terpil told the detectives. "But the soup, they're cookin' it on the stove, so the fumes come up like that. There goes one guy."

He described a state dinner at which the minister of finance was to be given poisoned soup. Amin sampled his soup first, and everyone thought it was safe. Terpil said he personally doctored the victim's portion. "That minister got the spoon in his mouth, and whop."

After describing explosive devices he had made, Terpil said: "We trained all the Libyans on how to do this. They've been very successful at it."

Federal prosecutors observed of the fugitive Terpil and his recollections: "These were not things that were made up out of whole cloth. Whereas they may sound a bit (as if) they came out of a twisted and perverse character from an Ian Fleming or Inspector Forsythe novel, they are things that Mr. Terpil represented to undercover agents in New York, and which unfortunately, at least to the extent that they can be checked out and have thus far been checked out, have some substantiation."